



"JESUS SAITH UNTO HER, MARY!" (LUKE 20:15)

The War Cry

EASTER.



1963



Thirty Pieces of Silver

A RAY of morning sunshine filtered through the window curtain and lay in a golden bar across the face of a sleeping man. He squirmed uneasily before opening his eyes. A moment later he sat up, swung his legs over the side of the bed and then groaned, dropping his head in his hands. It all came back to him! The sleeping tablet he had taken as a last resort had brought him a few hours of unconsciousness, but with the first moment of awakening, the memory of the past evening returned in an overwhelming flood.

He cast a startled glance at the clock. Beside it, in a silver frame, was a girl's portrait, but he did not stop to look at the picture. Nine o'clock! He had overslept and would be late at his office. Today, of all days, when, in his capacity as city attorney, he must put the finishing touches on his report to the city council.

He groaned again; then he sprang up and reached for his clothes.

"So easy," he muttered, "and yet so hard. Why did Spike McGrew have to come here last night and offer—?"

He stopped, leaving the words unsaid. A bribe. No, it was not a word to be spoken aloud. A bribe from Spike McGrew, representative of the law-defying element that he, Malcolm Reid, must fight to the finish—if he would fulfill the pre-election promises he had made!

He turned away from the mirror, his hairbrush still in his hand.

Reaching under the pillow, he withdrew a long envelope. No, the whole thing had not been a nightmare. It was all very real. The envelope contained two negotiable bonds of one thousand dollars each, unmentioned by Spike in his interview, and only discovered by Reid when he turned down the bedclothes preparatory to retiring.

He had been surprised to see Spike. He had thought himself alone in the house. Mrs. Forbes, his landlady, had gone down to the Salvation Army hall to attend a Good Friday evening service. He had been sitting in the little study that adjoined his room, working on his report to the council:

"There are large numbers of punch boards, slot machines and other gambling devices of various kinds in regular use in this city, that are in open and flagrant violation of existing laws. I recommend that—"

A heavy footstep on the stairs had made him whirl about in time to see the door open, and a stout, red-faced man enter.

"Didn't expect to see me, eh, Reid? Sorry if I startled you." The caller seated himself: "I wanted to talk to you about all this stuff you're going to lay before the city council tomorrow night. Of course, there have been violations of the law—not

very many, though; not enough for a man like you to make a few enemies over. Be better to keep it kind of easy for a while, eh?"

Spike had talked steadily, his fire that left no opportunity for refusal or denial. Even when he bolted into the inner room at that moment, he had not ceased his monologue.

"Well, so long, Malcolm. I'll be out before your landlady gets here. Bit embarrassing if she caught you here, you know. And best wishes to you and Phyllis Moulton. A wedding present—"

He had hurried away the next morning. It was not until two hours later that Malcolm found the bond hidden under his pillow. A wedding present!

Downstairs, at the belated breakfast which his landlady pressed on him, he ate but little. "Not hungry, Mrs. Forbes," he apologized with a sickly smile.

Mrs. Forbes looked anxious. She was a slender, elderly woman with a modest card in her front pocket. She read: "Dramatic Coach and Actor. Lessons by Appointment. But few people besides me know that on the night, twenty

By Stella Owen

Tempted to Betray His Trust, a Young Lawyer Learns a Lesson From a Bible Story

before, when Ellen Forbes stopped on the street corner to listen to a Salvation Army speaker, the stage had lost one of its best known actresses.

She was silent now as she filled Malcolm's coffee cup. A lovers' quarrel, that was all. When a penniless young attorney and the only daughter of wealthy Henry Moulton had the misfortune to fall in love with each other, there wasn't much to be said.

Malcolm swallowed a few mouthfuls of food, and then reached for his hat.

"Thanks a lot. And now if you'll excuse me—" He hurried out of the house. He wanted to get away. Although it was nearly a mile to his downtown office, he started to walk. Tomorrow was Easter. He must send Phyllis some flowers. Orchids? Orchids—when he could barely afford a potted geranium.

"Hello, Mal." A smart roadster drew up at the curb and Phyllis' head appeared. "Just going to work? Get in, and I'll take you down to the city hall."

Malcolm shrugged, but he sat down beside her without a word. Here it was again. Money, loads of it. And he hadn't a cent.

His hands grasped the brief case in his lap. Two thousand dollars. A wedding present . . .

He looked across at the girl's clearcut profile. Steady gray eyes, looking straight ahead; pale gold hair under a little hat; lips that were wistful.

"I've got good news, Mal! Yesterday was Good Friday; I went to the meeting with Mrs. Forbes last night. She read the story of the crucifixion from the Bible. She—she's a wonderful woman, Mal. I just *lived* it. She brought it all so close and so real."

Malcolm did not reply. Yes, he too knew Mrs. Forbes' histrionic ability. Had she not coached him in public speaking ever since the day when, as a young college student, he had

engaged a room in her home?

"You aren't listening to me," reproached Phyllis after a moment. "I am trying to tell you that last night, for the first time in my life, I really prayed—at the Salvation Army penitential-form. And yet you only sit there and look at me. What do you see?"

"Gloves," he answered briefly. "And a hat. They cost money."

Phyllis said nothing more. She drove on in hurt, bewildered silence.

* * *

It was noon before Mrs. Forbes went upstairs to tidy Malcolm's room. She lingered over her work, spreading up the blankets and tucking them in with loving fingers. Then she stooped and plucked at a long envelope that was hidden under the mattress. Bonds—two thousand dollars! What—where—?

She dropped into a chair and folded trembling hands in her lap. The jigsaw puzzle was fitting itself together, slowly. The burned cigar stub she had picked up on the stairs: the half guilty, half smirking face of Spike McGrew, whom she had met on her return from last night's meeting; Malcolm's all-too-evident mental distress.

From her chair, she slid to her knees.

"Lord, save him!" she whispered. "His feet are standing today in a slippery place. Give me the right thing to do, the right words to speak—to help him!"

* * *

It was five o'clock in the afternoon. Malcolm sat at his desk, his report to the city council lying unfinished before him. His eyes were fixed on the typewritten pages, but

the words were a grey blur. Two thousand dollars. Not enough to do great things, but nevertheless a start. Enough for a first payment on the house that he and Phyllis had looked at together, a few days ago. A wedding present, Spike had said. Only a wedding present . . .

The outer door opened, and he looked up.

"Hello, Mrs. Forbes. You're a late caller. Everybody else has gone home. Here, take this chair."

Mrs. Forbes sat down. Her face looked serious, even grave.

"Malcolm," she began without preface. "I've been wondering all day, and I thought you might be able to tell me. Just how much money would be represented nowadays by thirty pieces of silver?"

"Thirty pieces—?" He looked at her blankly.

"Thirty pieces of silver. Judas sold his Lord for them. And then—" the

(Continued on page 18)

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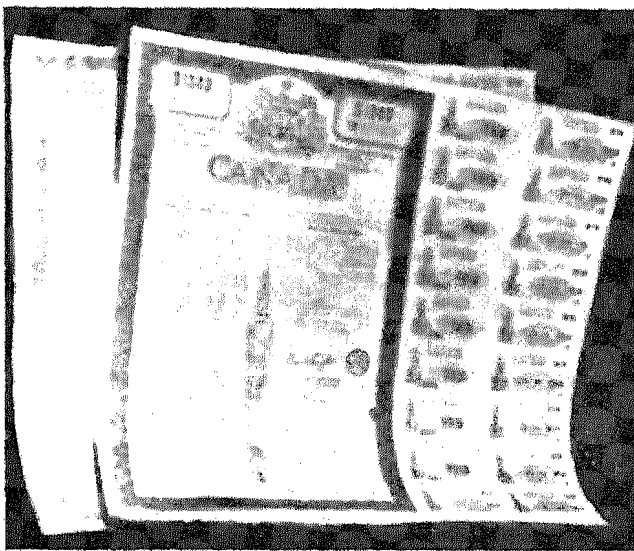
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Territorial Headquarters:
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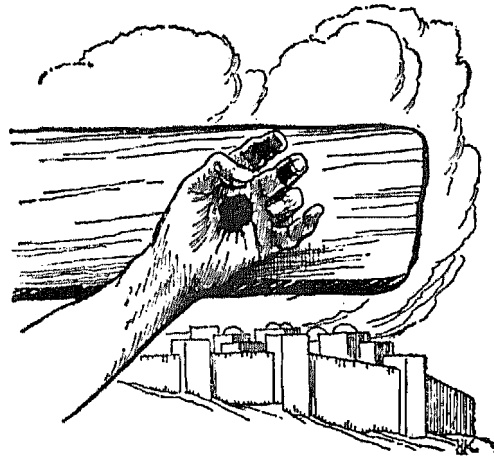
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GRIM REALITY IS GIVEN TO THE AGONY JESUS MUST HAVE SUFFERED ON THE CROSS BY THE DISCOVERY OF THE KIND OF NAILS USED BY THE ROMANS. ROUGH, HAND-MADE SPIKES—AS SEEN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ON PAGE 5—TORE THROUGH THE SENSITIVE PALMS OF JESUS AS HE WAS NAILED TO THE CROSS BEFORE IT WAS ERECTED. THE WRITER ONLY EMPHASIZES THE SUFFERINGS OF THE SAVIOUR TO SHOW THE HORROR OF SIN, WHEN PAYING ITS PENALTY FOR US ENTAILED SUCH ANGUISH.



The

in me. However, when I received this gift and later read the treatise of Professor Richmond, I freely confess that the nails had a tremendous fascination for me. The reason is easy to see. It is evident that nails like these, made apparently at the same time, must have been used to nail our Lord to the cross.

As I took a nail—one of the ones—in my hand, weighed and considered it, I tried to sense the effect of the first terrible shock as such a nail would penetrate the palm of a hand, or the flesh of the foot. I tried to imagine each subsequent blow as the arm was fastened securely into the timber cross. It made me aware, as never before, of the sufferings of our beloved Saviour. All this He bore for us on the Cross of Calvary.

No wonder the cry, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" became so important prayer! But what exactly did He mean when He offered that prayer on the Cross?

In the first place, I believe He was thinking of the soldiers. When He bore the guilt of bringing Jesus to His death, it was not these Roman militiamen. They were merely obeying the orders of their superiors.

"I WAS THERE!"

GO home from a meeting in the evening, after I had spent myself trying to win souls for Christ, and I would like to hear a little more. So I put on my recording machine and a record by the International Band of The Salvation Army. I hear men's voices singing the Negro spiritual, "Were you there when they crucified my Lord?"

I feel deeply and inescapably that the question is for me. I reply, "I was there! Indeed, I was there!"

This matter has to do with a fact in history. Somewhere I was there, watching when He carried His heavy cross out to that dreary hill. I was there as the rabble jeered around Him, mocking and railing at Him as they nailed Him to the cross.—*Albert Orsborn*

SOME weeks ago I received a gift of a few rusty nails. They have such value, in my eyes, that I want to tell you about them.

The name of Mr. Leonard Brockington is well known to Canadians. He is, I am glad to say, a warm friend of The Salvation Army, and I greatly appreciate his personal friendship. When I was having lunch with him in Toronto one day, he told me he had a gift for me. He then presented me with the nails, as you see them in the picture on this page.

The beginning of this story—or at least the beginning so far as the present century is concerned—was when Professor I. A. Richmond, Professor of the Archaeology of the Roman Empire, became interested in Inchtuthil, a well-known Roman site near Perth, in Scotland. Digging has been going on for years, and gradually the remains of an immense legionary fortress have become uncovered. (*Readers will remember that the Romans, under Julius Caesar, conquered Britain in 55 B.C. and occupied the island for over 200 years.—Ed.*)

It is known that the fortress was built between 83 and 87 A.D. It held about 5,500 men. There were barracks and administration offices, drill-hall and officers' houses, and a hospital. A great workshop carried out all the repair work for the garrison and for the 5,000 or so other men who were out garrisoning the highland line.

Into this workshop must have come wagons for repair and the maintenance work of the army. Its three work bays were forty feet wide and 200 feet long, with 2,000 feet length of workrooms behind. Between the years 87 and 90 something startling must have happened, for

evidently the troops were suddenly withdrawn.

Judging from the remains, everything was dismantled and taken to Strathcairn and, later, behind the great Roman wall.

Toward the end the Romans must have been hampered by transport difficulties. A very valuable load could not be moved. This was an immense store of imported nails. It was necessary for each of these to be hand-made, and, because of this, their value was great.

Hidden For Nearly 2,000 Years

As the Romans expected to return one day, it was decided to hide the nails. The soldiers dug a pit in the corner of the store and poured the nails in twelve feet deep. Then they placed six feet of clean earth on top and carefully demolished the building over the place, removing all traces of it. The task could hardly have been more expertly done because, as we know, the pit lay hidden for nearly 1,900 years. Now it has been uncovered and, it is estimated, 750,000 nails, ranging in size from two to sixteen inches, are hidden there. They weigh nearly seven tons.

There has always been a fascination in contemplating ancient things. Collectors are not the only people who like to have them. Numismatists and philatelists (coin and stamp collectors) are sometimes willing to go to extraordinary lengths to acquire a first imprint or the most ancient specimen, and sometimes make astonishing sacrifices to get what they want to complete their collection.

Whilst I collected stamps in my boyhood, I have not kept it up, and I must admit that the call of the ancient has never been strong

ose Nail-Pierced Hands

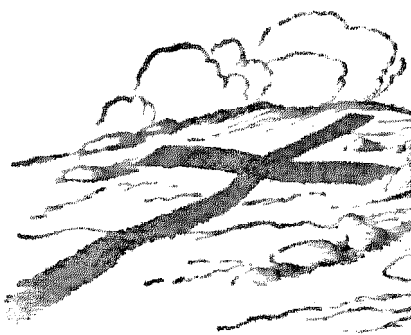
With the understanding that the Saviour showed at all times. He says, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

But did His prayer go beyond that? The people most concerned with His death *did* know what they were doing. Pilate knew! Having preferred safe injustice to dangerous justice he washed his hands in public to exonerate himself. Caiaphas knew! He first cynically explained how expedient it was that Jesus should die, then resorted to intrigue to make the necessary arrangements. Surely the common people knew! Having welcomed Jesus into Jerusalem with cries of "Hosanna" they now chose Barabbas, just as soon as it became clear that Christ was not going to fulfil their hopes of an earthly Kingdom.

of the evil that will follow, we have hearts that are insensible to the suffering of others when we are seeking our own selfish gains. We do not know the depth of evil that sin brings about. We do not know what we are doing, any more than those I have mentioned knew the full consequence of what they were doing.

However, before the Saviour died He prayed for those who had sent Him to death—those who were responsible for nailing Him in degradation and shame to a place of suffering. "Was it for sins that I have done He suffered on the tree?" asked Isaac Watts in his immortal hymn. The convicted sinner must reply "Yes!"

Christ died for the sins of all mankind—of every generation. For your



that you will bring your sins and nail them to the Cross. Forgiveness and eternal life will then be yours.

They are nailed to the Cross,

They are nailed to the Cross:

Oh, how much He was willing to bear!

With what anguish and loss

Jesus went to the Cross,

And He carried my sins with Him there.

HE AROSE!

THE resurrection of Jesus Christ is one of the best attested facts of history.

We find it recorded that Christ appeared to His disciples on eleven different occasions after He arose from the dead. Luke says that He "shewed Himself alive after His passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God"; and Peter told Cornelius that God raised Him up the third day and "shewed Him openly: not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God, even to us, who did eat and drink with Him after He rose from the dead."

By The Territorial Commander,

Commissioner W. Wycliffe Booth

Then what did the Son of God mean when He prayed: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do?" I believe that the Lord includes us all in that wonderful prayer because, when we do wrong, we do not know the measure of our sin. We are spiritually blind; we are deaf to the voice that warns us

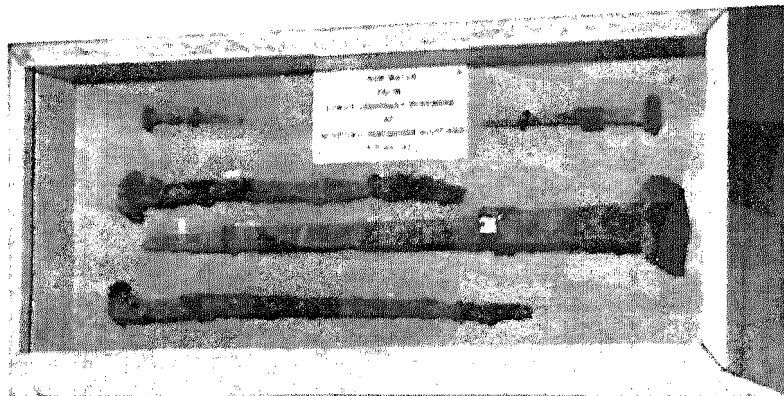
sins and mine! If, in our folly, ignorance or wilful neglect, we refuse the forgiveness expressed in the Saviour's prayer, we cannot avail ourselves of His redeeming love. If you, my dear reader, have not yet accepted the salvation purchased through the blest sacrifice, which Christians everywhere remember at this time, I pray

PAGAN CUSTOM SANCTIFIED

EASTER was, in olden times, the fair goddess of spring, whom our pagan forefathers were wont to worship, before they had ever heard of Jesus. When the early Christians came to our Saxon lands they preserved the feast, but changed its application. "We will maintain your celebration," they said, "but it shall henceforth mean the resurrection of Christ."

This explains why this joyous Christian festival bears an old heathen name.

A few of the Roman nails found on the site of an ancient Roman fort in Scotland. Some of them were over a foot in length.



FROM MY DESK

By the Editor - in - chief

DOES EASTER MEAN ANYTHING?

AFTER enduring the long, cold winter, the very mention of the word Easter brings a thrill to all but the case-hardened, for Easter speaks of spring. The zero grip will be relaxed, the fuel-bills will lessen, the block-heater will be disconnected from the car, the snow-shovel will be put away.

Then, of course, for the young fashion-minded Easter brings another life—the thoughts of that new outfit, that chic little hat, that alluring coat, that dashing ensemble. Youth scorns the thought that a late blizzard might ruin the Easter parade or make it devoid of spectators and, at the least, an uncomfortable sortie.

Easter, too, injects thoughts into the male mind of the near approach of the fishing and the baseball seasons, while tentative thoughts flash across the mind of a new car or, at least, a thorough cleaning and overhaul of the old jalopy.

If God is capable of grief, He must feel sad at the thought that the true significance of the greatest season of the Christian year is thus completely lost sight of; the anniversary of the grandest miracle the world has ever known is forgotten. If one appreciates fully the fact of Easter, the world is transformed: life is never the same again. A Man has emerged from the tomb; He has grappled with that grim enemy, Death, and has vanquished him; He has thrown off the shocking pallor and awful stillness of death and has walked and talked and loved again.

Saul's Unbelief, Paul's Faith

Paul was much nearer to the picture than we are. At first he scorned the thought that this Man who had made quite a reputation as a Healer and a Preacher before being executed had come back from the grave. A Pharisee, he had sided with his colleagues in persecuting the Christians, and in denouncing Jesus as an imposter; he had insisted that He had never come alive again, nor were His claims of Messiahship to be tolerated.

The ascended Christ showed that He was very much alive to the progress of the Gospel He had entrusted to a handful of illiterate men—so much that He felt a supernatural visitation was the only thing that would stop this fiery little Jew from destroying the new sect altogether. So, on his way to Damascus, full of determination to rout out and destroy the Christians in that ancient town, Paul (or Saul as he was then known) heard a voice and was struck blind by a brilliant radiance.

Henceforth he had no doubt that Jesus was the Chosen One; that He had indeed risen from the dead; that He was intelligently alive, and ever ready to defend His cause. Saul, the cruel persecutor, became Paul, the red-hot evangelist; his blindness disappeared and

the rest of his life was spent in journeyings up and down the then known world, every moment being given to spreading the message that had been specially entrusted to him.

Paul was convinced that, because Christ rose, he would come back to life, too; not in this world, but in a wonderful new world. He dilated on the theme in all his letters to his converts, showing he had a convinced belief that this mortal body would be renewed in another glorious world.

Reader, has this tremendous hope impressed itself on your mind and heart? Can you say with the psalmist:

In my heart on Easter morning

Christ is mine, and I am His?

If not, make this your most memorable Easter by surrendering your will to God.—H.P.W.

READ ALL ABOUT IT!

A "MUST" at Easter time is to read the account of the resurrection of Christ. No matter how busy you are, if you know the story you'll find something new in it, especially if you read slowly and thoughtfully, allowing every word to sink deeply into your heart and mind.

Turn to Matthew 28, and, starting at the first verse, read on to the end of the chapter. You'll learn there all about "a rich man of Arimathea, Joseph," who, in his 16th chapter, does not speak of Jesus but he brings in that haunting phrase, "Tell my disciples—AND PETER." Why Peter, if not to assure him of His Lord's forgiveness, for having denied Him?

Luke gives us that matchless phrase, "Why see the living among the dead?" (24: 5) and adds a story that he alone knew of—the adventures of the two disciples on their way to Emmaus.

John takes two whole chapters to tell his account of the resurrection, and he tells the story of "Doubt Thomas," and the poignant incident of the seven disciples who decided to go fishing, and of the winning of Peter's allegiance afterwards by the Saviour.

There is no collaboration here. All are different views of the same happening, told by independent witnesses, or those who had companioned with witnesses. It warms our hearts to read again those unchangeable episodes, and to reassure ourselves in this godless and generation, that Jesus still lives. Hallelujah!

And having once started to read your Bible, don't put it up on the shelf to accumulate dust. Use it as your daily guide and comforter. You'll find in it verses that will come to you as a veritable revelation, suiting your need—in this twentieth century—just as admirably as they did the needs of the writer in his far-off day and generation.

Mary's Memories

By
WANDA RIEVE,
Calgary



MARY Magdalene had spent another sleepless night in sorrow and anguish. He whom she loved was dead. He who had meant so much to her. She remembered when He had found her a poor helpless wretch, and had transformed her life; had bade her "go, and sin no more." What a change had taken place in her life. She had become a new creature in Christ; the whole world seemed a different place since she had met this Stranger of Galilee.

She had seen Him change the lives of others. As He went about, He cleansed the lepers, opened the eyes of the blind, and cured all manner of diseases, but more than that He forgave sins and filled lives and hearts with peace, peace that no one else could give. Mary had known that peace for awhile, but now the giver of it was dead, and her tranquillity had been rudely disturbed.

She recalled that dreadful night in Pilate's hall where the crowds had gathered to condemn Him to die. She could still see the mob as they cried out "Away with Him! Let Him be crucified!" so vehemently that Pilate, at last, had delivered Him to be crucified.

Mary, and others who loved and had followed Him, climbed the steep, winding path to Calvary, hoping against hope that the crucifixion would not take place, hoping that Christ would free Himself. Surely He had the power to do so! In her sorrow she had not realized that even the Prophet Isaiah had foretold that He should be "wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him and with His stripes we are healed." She had not realized that it was God's plan of redemption for the world. In her grief she had failed to see that He had told them that the Son of Man should be betrayed and killed, and

the third day He should rise again. These sayings she had not understood; she only saw her suffering Lord, and now she remembered that last look of love from the cross as He bowed His head and died.

She had been there that evening when He was gently taken down from the cross, carefully wrapped in linen and laid away in Joseph's new tomb.

* * *

After the Sabbath had passed she came with Joanna, and Mary the mother of James and other women to the sepulchre very early in the morning to anoint the body of their beloved Lord. To her it was the last act of love she could render, but, to her great anguish, the tomb was empty. Although her companions went away in a hurry to tell the strange news to the grieving disciples, Mary could not leave that sacred spot. Even the words of the angel who told them that Christ was risen did not have much meaning for her. She feared an enemy had stolen the body. She wanted Him whom her soul loved, so she stood by the tomb and wept.

Eyes Dimmed by Tears

As she turned He was there! Through her tears she did not recognize Him, until she heard Him speak her name "Mary!" It was His voice! It was the same gentle tones that had spoken peace to her soul, and set her free. She could only sink down at His feet and cry out

"Master." Gently He spoke to her, "Go and tell my disciples and Peter," even he who had denied Him.

Reader, has He spoken your name? Is He your Master? Then the same commission He gave to Mary He gives to you, "Go and tell others"; tell others what He has done for you that the same Saviour who saved you is waiting to save and set them free. He wants you to be His messenger. Will you say, "Here am I, send me?"

If you are one who has never met Him, this message is for you.

GOODNESS WILL TRIUMPH

IF Caesar's cross on Calvary had been able to extinguish the light that was lighted by Jesus' life; if two nails, a cross, a hammer and a sword-thrust could put to an end the rarest and most beautiful life that was ever lived; if a rough cross atop a stony hill could outlive one who could preach the Sermon on the Mount, then the race might as well give up the struggle. Fruitless and useless would be the effort to rise, to improve, to establish justice and maintain morals. Bigger and better crosses would be the answer.

But the resurrection demonstrated the fact that there is something in our world that will never surrender to crosses and spears. There is an immortality about goodness and godliness that fiendishness can never achieve.

—Roy L. Smith



By

MAJOR J. BERNARD LODGE,
U.S.A.

Pilate's Wife

DAWN was breaking just as the governor wearily rose from the bed where he had spent a sleepless night. He looked across the room to where his wife was sleeping. Hers was not a peaceful sleep, either.

Sleep had come hard to "Mr. and Mrs. Pontius Pilate" ever since the governor had agreed that the Prisoner be put to death. True, Pilate had publicly washed his hands of the blood of Jesus of Nazareth; but nothing could cleanse his conscience.

Pontius Pilate was the sixth Roman procurator of Judea, and it was during his term of office that our Lord worked, suffered and died. He was appointed in A.D. 25-26, in the twelfth year of Tiberius. His arbitrary administration nearly drove the Jews to insurrection on two or three occasions.

One of his first official acts was to move the headquarters of the army from Caesarea to Jerusalem. The soldiers, of course, took with them into the city their standards bearing the image of the emperor, and placed them in the holy Temple. No previous governor had dared order such an outrage.

The people poured down in crowds to Caesarea, where the procurator then lived, and asked him to remove the images. After several days of discussion he gave the signal to some of his soldiers, who were concealed, to surround and to put to death those who were causing the disturbance. This only strengthened the determination of the people, and finally Pilate yielded. But it was immediately evident that Pilate would use any means to gain his own selfish ends.

Pilate's conduct showed that either he was a coward or that life was very cheap to him, but when Jesus was brought before him, he took a different attitude. He at least had a sense of judgment and justice. He would not condemn the Lord until He was heard. Pilate, Matthew declared, " marvelled greatly" at the ability of the Lord to keep silent in the face of accusations by the re-

ligious leaders. After the original charge of blasphemy was found untrue, His persecutors invented new charges with which Pilate would have to deal.

"We found this Fellow," they said, "perverting the nation and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar, saying that He Himself is Christ, King."

Pilate put the question to Jesus: "Are you really the King of the Jews?"

Jesus replied, "You are the one who said it."

Pilate knew that the Kingdom which Jesus spoke about was of spiritual character and not in opposition to the earthly reign of Caesar. Pilate had never faced such a prisoner before. One so calm and collected in the face of death must be worth trying to save from an injustice. And Pilate tried to save Him. Peter's opinion was that Pilate was "determined to let Him go."

Pilate was probably convinced of the innocence and divinity of Jesus. He tried desperately to escape the responsibility of dealing with the charges. At first he declined to hear the case. Then, when forced to hear Jesus, he declared, "I find no fault in this Man." He then sent Him to Herod to try to do the responsibility of condemning Jesus to death. Then he appealed to the people again in an effort to shift the onus from himself.

Barabbas, a robber and murderer, was brought out together with Jesus and Pilate gave the mob the choice between the two prisoners. He thought the people would certainly ask for the release of Jesus. But sooner had Pilate made this choice than his attention was drawn away by a message from his wife. She had had a dream in which she had seen a vision of the holy and innocent Saviour. It caused her serious concern that she forwarded a message to her husband: "He has nothing to do with that Man."

It seems obvious that something had been known and probably talked over in regard to Jesus in the home

Dreams played an important part in the life of Jesus. Joseph, His foster-father, had a dream before the birth of the Saviour; the wise men were warned by a dream of the scheming of King Herod, and the wife of the Roman Governor who had the responsibility of passing the death sentence on Jesus was disturbed by a dream about the condemned Man.

has a Dream

of "Mr. and Mrs. Pilate." They had, without doubt, heard of His miracles and His message. He had performed many wonders in the shadows of the very palace in which they lived.

Pilate's wife, called Claudia Procula, had no doubts, no fears of consequences, such as her husband had. She sincerely requested that he have nothing to do with this Jesus. And how Pilate wished that he could squirm out of it! What a difference there would have been if he had heeded Claudia's message.

Released a Robber

After a pause to consider the message, Pilate put the momentous question to the multitude: "Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you?"

They all shouted, "Barabbas!"

And when Pilate asked again, "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" the cruel answer came from the hysterical mob, "Let Him be crucified!"

This was the first mention of the cross by anyone other than the Lord Himself. The question shows Pilate's lack of courage.

Pilate made another weak attempt to check the violence of the crowd when he asked, "What evil hath He done?" But they cried all the more that He should be crucified.

Pilate would have saved the Lord if he could have done so without endangering his own position in the government. He washed his hands

before the crowd, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just Person: see ye to it."

In this moment he announced the innocence of Jesus and his own guilt. But the outward washing of hands could not cleanse the heart-guilt of Pilate. His hands were full of blood!

It is easy to imagine that Pilate and his wife went through some sleepless nights following this day's events. Did they try every method possible to get some sleep, only to have the image of Jesus appear in front of them?

The mad mob cried that day in Jerusalem, "His blood be on us, and on our children." Less than forty years afterward the streets of Jerusalem were deluged with blood.

Only His blood can cleanse the stains that were made nearly two thousand years ago, for the blood of Christ could cleanse even those who shed it. It would cleanse Pilate, Calaphas, the frenzied mob, and the Roman soldiers. And it can cleanse those who have crucified Him afresh through sin in our day.

According to Eusebius, Pilate was banished to Vienne in Gaul, where various misfortunes caused him at last to commit suicide. Another author alleges that he was beheaded under Nero.

* * *

There are many couples like "Mr. and Mrs. Pilate" living today. Pilate was one of a large class of men who aspire to public office, not from the genuine desire to serve the people



but to advance their own interests, to satisfy their love of distinction, power and personal gain. They have no aim but to act rightly if it is convenient.

Behold The Crucified

COME, behold the Crucified,
The spotless Lamb of God, who died
To draw men to the Father's side,
And grant their spirits peace.

He came, in love, to cross the span
Of sin, long-fixed twixt God and man;
Died to fulfil redemption's plan
Upon Mount Calvary.

Behold His head, His hands, His feet,
He made a sacrifice complete,
That He might take the Conqueror's seat
Beside His Father's throne.

Forsaken, lone, He dies in pain,
The darkened skies burst forth with rain,
The Temple's veil is rent in twain,
The finished work is done!

Behold, the tomb wherein He lay,
The mighty stone is rolled away,
His absence turns our night to day,
Our tears are turned to joy.

O come, behold the Crucified,
Who rose triumphant, glorified,
And now sits at the Father's side
To intercede for me.

We own His work, acclaim Him Lord,
Now and eternally adored,
And from our hearts, with one accord,
We raise our hymn of praise.

Alan H. Neelson, Lieut.

THERE is a story told of one of God's great servants who was passing through a period of spiritual perplexity and fear. In an abstracted mood he found himself tracing with his finger on a table the Latin word VIVIT—"He lives!" The realization of this unassailable truth restored and strengthened his faith.

One would not desire to quarrel with artists who find Christ's birth at Bethlehem a fitting subject for their canvas and paints. Neither would one discountenance the value of every sincere portrayal of Christ's crucifixion. We cannot think too often of the cross and its implications.

But the Christian Church is not empowered by a Babe in a crib; nor a dead Martyr on a cross. The Easter message and the dynamic faith in the heart of every true follower of our Lord Jesus is based on the undisputable fact that Christ rose from the grave and now reigns in eternal glory.

No Epitaph For His Tomb

On tens of thousands of tombstones, all over the world, are to be found inscribed names that speak of the last resting-place of men's mortal bodies. But the only words suited for the tomb where Christ was laid were the forthright words spoken by angels, "He is not here—He is risen." This is our faith—the faith, for "if Christ be not risen from the dead then is our faith vain."

There are those who have been critical of the evangelical record of what happened on the day when death was defeated by Christ, but no one has been able to explain away the fact that ever since that Easter Day multitudes of men and women who have been aware of a new power within themselves have experienced a life that is higher and richer and deeper than that which is known by any process of nature.

The crucified Christ is not resting in a long sleep, and those who have pledged to Him their allegiance are not waiting until, on some unpredictable date, He shakes off the cold shackles of death. We know that He lives now!

Read the history of the early days of the Christian Church. The dominant note is of a risen Christ. Fearlessly the first Christians spoke of being "witnesses of the resurrection."

Is there not need, once again, to strike this note with greater force? This is not to soft-pedal the atoning

VIVIT!

THE MEANING OF EASTER

By the Army's

International Leader

GENERAL WILFRED KITCHING

work of Christ, as secured through His sacrifice on Calvary. After every thought and prayer, and sharing of His sorrow, justifiably it can be said that the highlight in the story of Jesus comes after Good Friday—it is the resurrection morning.

Let us beware lest our minds and hearts will not accept this great fact—so contrary to nature. The disciples were surprised by what happened at Easter, they were overcome by the sudden turn of events. His power was beyond their comprehension. There were some who stubbornly refused to believe even when others told them what they knew. Alas, many still refuse to believe.

Yet in the end unbelief was conquered by deeds and words: the





HE LIVES!

passing gloom gave place to triumph! It would have been His enemies, not Jesus, who would have had the final word had He not risen. The world would have said the enemies were right. But the resurrection is the divine vindication of His honour—God acknowledging Him before all the world.

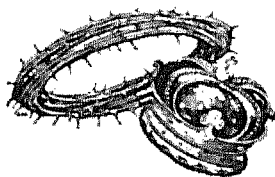
To Jesus Himself there was nothing astonishing about His resurrection. It was the God-ordained conclusion of His life. "It was not possible that He should be hidden by death" (Acts 2:24).

It is for the followers of Christ, for us, once again to confirm the fact that it is a living Christ whom we worship, and serve all our lives. David Livingstone witnessed that he did not tramp through Africa alone! That saint of God was not feverish who said that Jesus Christ had entered his cell and every stone in it

flushed like a ruby. The missionary officer who told me of the "sweet companionship of Christ," as she ministered to others at an Army dispensary, was not under a delusion. If we can say "He lives!" then our fears are gone. This truth is exhilarating and marvellous!

Let us then, with new energy and courage, declare to the whole world that the story of Easter means that the power which took Christ out of the grave is still available. Not only for the hour of death but available here and now to make us live aright at every hour of need of our lives.

Let us shout with new power "HE LIVES!" Let us demonstrate that in days of loneliness we are not really alone; in days of sorrow there is One at hand to comfort; in the moment of weakness He is with us to impart strength. Best of all—for our sins—"He lives to intercede."



A NOBLE CHOICE

So much depends upon His choice;
He only can God's plan fulfill;
And in an agony of prayer
He pleads for grace to do God's will.

Those crowns torment the kneeling Man,
As in the gloom He pleads and cries,
But, in a mighty act of faith,
He sternly puts aside the prize.

He reaches for the crown of thorns;
With steady hand and head held high,
He moves towards His chosen goal—
The Son of Man goes forth to die!

And so we mortals gain a crown
(But one no living head adorns),
Because the Saviour chose to die,
And wear for us a crown of thorns.
—H.P.W.

TWO crowns torment the Saviour's mind,
As in Gethsemane He mourns;
One ruddy gold and set with gems;
The other barbed with cruel thorns.

He could have claimed the diadem—
His lineage gave Him regal right—
And with His strength and dignity
He would have reigned with kingly might.

But what of that transcendent plan—
God's plan to save a fallen race?
The Scape-goat none but His own Son;
A Lamb to take the sinner's place.

THE HAND OF JESUS

THAT wonderful hand of Christ!
It was that same hand which
had been so quickly stretched
out to rescue Peter when sinking in
Galilee's waves. It was that same
hand which had been held in the
sight of the questioning disciples
on the third evening after they had
seen it laid lifeless in the tomb. It
was that same hand which incred-
ulous Thomas must see before he
would believe its risen power; it

was that same hand which was ex-
tended to him not only to see but
to touch the nail-prints in its palm.
It was that same hand which the
disciples last saw uplifted in bless-
ing when the cloud parted Him
from them. That hand, with its
nail-prints, knocks at the heart's
door for entrance. That hand, with
its deep marks of love, beckons on
the weary runner on the Heavenly
way.



Two Gardens

By Alice Gillard, Toronto

IT was a dark night when the lonely Man of Galilee made His way to the Garden of Gethsemane. He was not quite alone; His disciples were with Him, all but one. He had told them that He was to be betrayed by one of their number, that He would be arrested, tried—all that would ensue during the hours of darkness and the next day. They were sad at the imminent parting from their Master, with whom they had spent the last three years in close fellowship. Taking Peter, James and John He went farther into the garden. In His hour of need He wanted them near Him; then He went still farther to face His agony alone.

Twice He came to them, no doubt longing for some human sympathy in His ordeal, but each time He found them sleeping. Again He went and prayed His prayer of submission, "If it be possible let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." His mental anguish was so severe that great drops of blood fell from Him as He prayed.

The third time He came to the sleeping disciples He aroused them to meet the cruel crowd, who, led by the traitor, Judas, arrived to take Him. So the world's Redeemer left the quiet garden, where He had often spent times of refreshing with His disciples, to go to a mock trial and death.

There was another garden, and it was dark there on the first day of

the week, when Mary came to visit the grave of her beloved Master. The news of His arrest and trial had spread rapidly, and many of His friends had been amongst the crowd who followed Him to Calvary, sad, bewildered, brokenhearted, but too much afraid of the soldiers and the priests to make any attempt to help Him. They had seen Him nailed to the cross, and with Him all their hopes that He was to be their King, and that He would liberate Israel from the Roman rule.

They had seen the crown of thorns pressed on His head, and heard His heartbroken cry in the darkness when His Father turned away from Him, because He bore in His body the sins of the world. Then Joseph and Nicodemus, who had been secret disciples of Jesus, took His body down from the cross, and carried it tenderly to the other

garden which was not far away, and buried Him in a new sepulchre.

When Mary came it was not now the darkness of danger and dreadful cruelty, but the darkness that comes just before the dawn. Instead of death she found life, for the crucified Lord was now the risen Lord; instead of sorrow there was joy, unbelievable joy, unspeakable joy; instead of despair there was hope, for the One who had been submitted to death for the sake of the sinful world, was now the conqueror over death, and because He lived and would be alive for evermore, who trusted in Him might also live.

Our rejoicing is that through agony in Gethsemane's garden, suffering and death on Calvary's cross, and His glorious resurrection in the other garden, we His followers may have abundant life, and eternal hope.

Good Friday

THE saddened sunset dies low in the west
Then darkness blots each twilight shadow out,
And evening breezes tremble with unrest
As ghosts of melancholy stalk about.
Cutting the silence, sharply as a sword,
Love speaks and utters but a single word—
A name that tears my aching soul apart,
And finds a throbbing echo in my heart,
That breaks into the sadness of a moan.

The stars awaken from their daily sleep
And push their heavy velvet curtains wide,
And one by one their nightly vigil keep
With anxious pity on the countryside.
Above stray clouds athwart the western sky
I seem to see a vision, standing high,
Of sacrifice and mighty duty done;
Above the hills, as night has just begun,
I see a crucifix alone . . . alone.

George William Reid

On an African Hilltop

By Mrs. Brigadier Isabel Kirby



WE were awakened before dawn on Easter Sunday morning by the sound of singing. Looking out of the window of our bungalow, we saw ghostly figures—three of the girls of the school draped in sheets, (to represent the robes of Christ, I suppose) singing, "Up from the grave He arose."

Then there were sounds from the girls' compound, which is just across the road from our house, and soon they were pouring out of all the houses. In the distance we could hear the sound of drums coming from the boys' compound. Soon, they were lined up for a march.

We hastily dressed, and headed the parade, and away we marched, through the cool morning air, to a hill just outside the grounds of Chikankata settlement which consists of a hospital, a school and a training centre for nurses. As the first rays of the sun shot up from the horizon, we saw several processions making their way to the rendezvous. There were the walking patients from the leprosy hospital, the students, the village people—all were approaching the hilltop to celebrate an Easter sunrise service.

As the sun burst forth in all its glory, a fanfare of instruments echoed over the landscape, and scores of voices rose in praise and gratitude to God for the Easter message.

In the meetings held that day, the Spirit of God was felt in many hearts, and before the day closed, no fewer than eighty natives had knelt at the mercy-seat, so they could sing with truth, "In my heart an Easter morning, I am His and He is mine!"

This was definitely an answer to

prayer, because for a week before Easter the staff of both the hospital and the institute met each night for a half hour's prayer, asking God to use the Easter meetings to bring people to Himself.

The strain on the officers and teachers is always great, and, by the end of the school year in May, many of them were at breaking point. But we felt it had all been worth while. During the final Sunday morning meeting, seventeen of the young people were enrolled as senior soldiers.

This was our last class of teacher training to graduate, and we are now concentrating on secondary school work. The teacher-training has been transferred to Livingstone, in Northern Rhodesia, where five denominations are represented. The Brigadier is on the board of directors, so he is able to speak up for Salvation Army rights. It is good to

see the Army flag in the chapel there.

Some folks wonder why we worry about educating the natives, seeing Africa is going through a period of transition, but we feel it is necessary to train these negroes, as many of them are being forced into positions of great responsibility, and, without education, they would be unfit to lead. Many may pass through our schools, and become Christians, and even those who do not, are unconsciously influenced by the training, and by the Christians who are here.

We are living in a state of uncertainty. There has been much violence, including the burning down of buildings in Southern Rhodesia. (Some of our halls were thus destroyed). We feel all we can do is to train the Africans to take over when the whites are forced to leave. Please continue to pray for us.

LIFE'S RUGGED ROAD

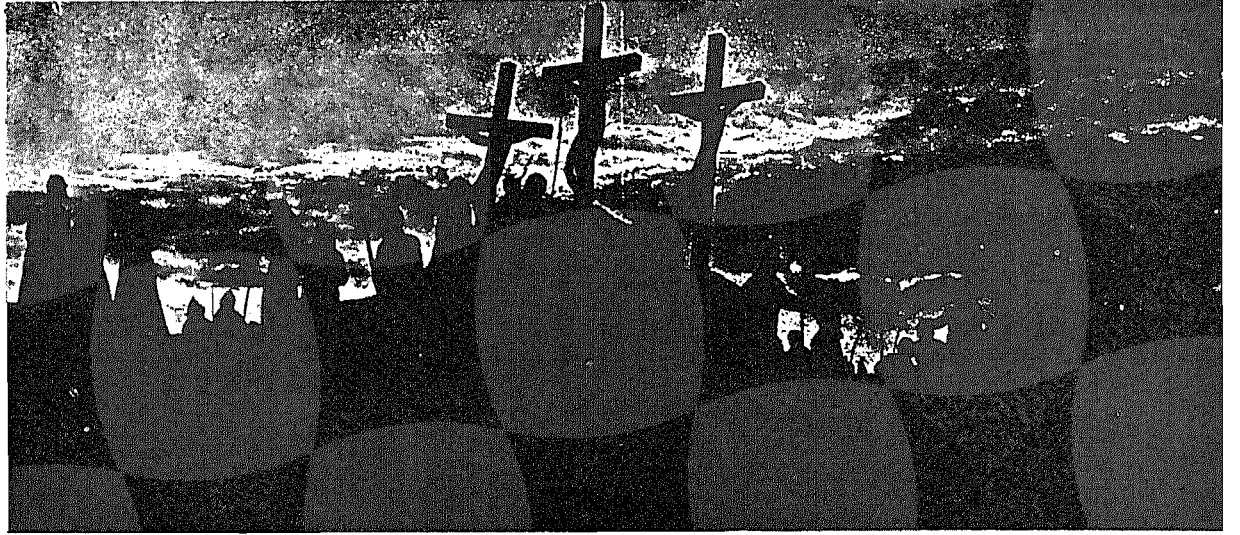
I SADLY walked life's rugged road,
And pondered all that might have
been!
My heart was heavy with the load
Of grief and sorrow I had seen;
For on a cross my Friend had died,
And all my hopes had been denied,
I knew not that His sacrifice
Had sealed my pardon, paid sin's price.

Then One drew near to walk with me,
And reasoned with the precious Word,
He said that such things ought to be,
And tarried till my doubts were cleared.
Then I by faith began to see
The glory of a Calvary;
I saw that He atonement made
When all my sins on Him were laid.

The Spirit burned within my heart
As on we trod and still communed,
I begged that He would not depart
Until we had together dined,
Then as I saw Him break the bread,
A glory shone about His head;
For in His face I then could see
It was my Lord from Galilee!

What glorious news I have to tell,
For Christ now lives and walks with me;
O'er mountain heights or through the dell,
I share His blessed company,
Oh, glory of the Easter morn,
When I no more His death do mourn,
But feel His resurrection power,
Enjoy His presence every hour.

R. A. Butler, Brigadier



The Defeat of Death

IT IS still very early; the world is just awaking; the first light of the sun has caused the night to shed her cloak and is busy stroking colour to the fleeting shadows. The garden appears new and painted. Few would imagine it sheltered the sepulchre of a King. Dew adorns the rose; mist, like ornamented lace, soothes the stillness with a gentle caress. The only sound is the chorus sung by nature. Peace prevails.

Wait! A Stranger approaches! Could it be the gardener? His gar-

ments glow with illuminated whiteness in the light flooding the garden path. He walks leisurely, as one enjoying the quiet in the wake of some great task. A bird in silent flight catches the stranger's eye as it floats through the trees. The two Roman soldiers who stood through the night guarding the sepulchre have fled from their post in panic at the shock that burst open the tomb. The stranger strolls deeper into the garden where the growth is dense. The limbs of trees enfold Him from view.

Voices draw near; a small band of women have entered the garden. They bear spices to anoint the King. The voice of one is heard above the others. "Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?"

But the tomb is open—empty. The stone is rolled away, and a radiant being is seated on it! The words of the angel ring within their ears. "He is risen! He is not here! Death is vanquished forever! I have conquered, hallelujah!"



EASTER ON SKID-ROW

EASTER has a greater significance for us than the mere serving of bacon and eggs on skid-row. While Christ fed the hungry and healed the sick, He, best of all, broke the Bread of Life and invited the thirsty to drink of the Living Water.

For those who have led sinful lives, the power of Christ's resurrection will be a symbol of rebirth; the opportunity of "turning

over a new leaf." The significance of Easter can make righteous men out of immoral ones and sober men out of drunkards. Around His mighty words, "Ye must be born again," will be drawn the Easter message to be delivered to some 1,000 men at our annual sunrise service and breakfast.

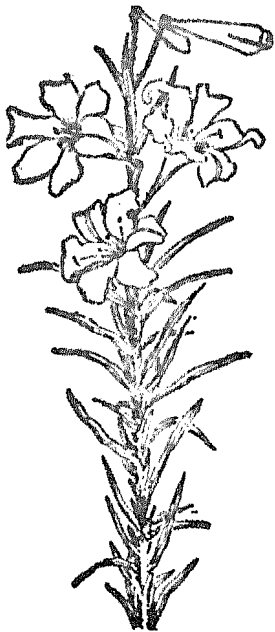
The "street" will bestir itself as the first rays of light begin to sift down the alleyways. Then they will emerge—the needy and destitute, for whom the meal will help stretch a meagre budget; the alcoholic, racked with the pain of the night's hangover; the man who has run afoul of

the law and has been warned to change his ways.

These are the men we are really interested in reaching; the souls William Booth asked us to "live and bring to Christ!" These prophetic words of the Founder's sent a never-failing challenge to us at Easter, for we believe that a great majority of these men are waiting to be saved and can be saved!—*Harbour Light Newsletter, Vancouver.*

No more we tremble at the grave, for He who died for us to save, will raise our bodies. What though this earthly habitation shall fail? The Saviour's power yet prevail, and raise it up again.

Thomas H.



By
G. Downton
Windsor
Nfld.

The Joy of the Easter Message

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. (John 11:25.)

IT IS Eastertide again. Joyful choirs sing in our places of worship. In the hearts of saved men, women and children is a song of rejoicing. Christ is risen, hallelujah! The thought of Christ conquering death stirs us to the depth of our being with hope and gladness, and life is bright again.

The joy of Easter is the joy of life. God, in His goodness, gives us many bright and happy mornings, yet the loveliest of all is Easter, for it shines out from the land of life where there is no more darkness and no more death. People flock to churches on Easter, even those who seldom attend a place of worship the rest of the year. The multitude is not drawn by anthems, but, within the hearts of most persons, there is an urge, though they may be hardly conscious of it, to hear again from the lips of a man who believes with all his heart that *Christ is risen*. They want to hear again the words of Jesus: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Sorrow wakes early; its sleep is troubled. The darkness that overshadowed Calvary seemed still to brood over the earth when the devoted women took their way at dawn to the garden of Joseph. They carried spices and bahns to complete the embalming of the body of their beloved friend. All their thoughts

were suffering and death. They had loved deeply, and they had heard wonderful things from this Jesus of Nazareth. But now death had put an end to it all: the world was dark, and life was again drab, dull and hopeless. Then came the great Easter Gospel from angel lips. A "young man" from the Land of Life preached the first Easter sermon. He told it so simply and so calmly, for to him it was no strange and startling fact: "I know that ye seek Jesus, who was crucified," he says. "He is not here, for He is risen, as He said. Go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead."

The word resurrection is a great word: it has the power to stir the imagination, to quicken the mind, to kindle faith and hope. The resurrection of Jesus Christ is more than a sublime fact in the past; it is a daily experience.

Thanks be to God that the Gospel story does not end with the cross; it does not close with the cry of the crucified, "it is finished," nor does the Apostolic message end thus. The disciples were sent into the world not to preach a dead Galilean, but a Christ who lives and reigns to all eternity.

One of the most remarkable things about the story of the resurrection as recorded in the four Gospels is that all these accounts of the eye-witnesses emphasize the disbelief of the Lord's followers. They were in a sceptical frame of mind, and not ready to accept hearsay evidence. The women said nothing to anyone, for they were afraid when Mary Magdalene told them of her vision of the living Lord. They disbelieved when they saw Him on the mountain in Galilee. "Some worshipped, but some doubted."

Thomas doubted for a week, then was convinced that the faith of the apostles in the actual resurrection of Jesus was henceforth not a blind faith, but was based on accumulative and irresistible evidence. They were changed men because they had a living Christ. No more doubt; no more

uncertainty. The early days of Christianity were marked by a confidence which nothing could shatter. Out of the joyous, triumphant certainty came the worldwide Christian Church. "If Christ be not risen, then is your faith in vain," says Paul.

Why is that? Because, if the cross was the end, then Christ's brave attempts to be a Saviour failed. If He is dead, no matter how wonderful a life He lived, it is all a waste of breath for you and me to cry, "Lord be merciful to me a sinner."

But with Paul and the apostles we can shout with unwavering confidence, "Now is Christ risen from the dead!" Hold fast to that faith; you cannot live without it, and have peace of mind and soul. God has given us not merely the memory of a dead prophet, but a living Christ. One who is with us to the end of our days and throughout eternity.

That is the Gospel and the glory of Easter. All nature shines with new glory; all life is transformed with new hope and joy. He is risen; a living Christ! That is the old, the ever-new, the ever-blessed Easter truth.

THE STRANGER

WHO now is this Stranger to Calvary coming?
Strong is His face, with strange glory it glows;
But what of this cross? See, beneath it He staggers;
Strange, passing strange, if to death this Man goes.

But the scoffers answered:

A rebel, a traitor, we take Him to Calvary.
Lordship He claims, and of kingship He dreams.
And this is the cross that will hush up His treason!
THIS is the end of the mouth that blasphemes.

Edward Read, Major, Toronto

A LILY GREW

DISAPPEARED the brightness of the angel face:
Silent the still small voice that told of God.
She stood alone, but in the hallowed place
Where Gabriel's shining feet had trod,
There rose a virgin flower to greet the light—
A madonna lily, tall, serene, and white.

Teresa Hooley

The Story of the Stone



WHAT a dramatic surprise! Who had moved that stone? The sun had yet to rise above the Mount of Olives as those three brave women made their way to the garden on the outskirts of Jerusalem. As they approached the tomb where the Master had been buried, they said one to the other, "Who will roll away the stone for us from the door of the sepulchre?" Their strong love for the Lord had given them courage to come to the garden, but faith was weak. But, "when they looked they saw the stone was rolled away, for it was very great" (Mark 16:4).

This was not only a dramatic surprise to Mary, Mary Magdalene and Salome, but what a wonderful revelation also.

God does not explain things; He reveals them; He does them. The divine method is not to make explanations, but simply to make manifestations. God does not say, try to understand what I do, but He says, try to see what I do. Look! Behold! See! I have already done it, "the

stone is rolled away." The trouble is that so many will not look until they understand, they will not believe until they mentally grasp how it has happened. But that is not the way God works. God does not say, understand, and then see. He says first "Behold." What a revelation this was for the women, for they saw not only the stone rolled away, but they also beheld the empty tomb, and heard the angel say:

death for instance. A man had just lost a loved one said pathetically to his corpse of "Death is so final, isn't it?" As he was concerned, no stone in all the world could roll that stone for him. Only the Lord gives a sure answer. The stone had been rolled away for that man and all other believers in Christ. Also sorrow—death is swallowed in resurrection victory.

A woman was finding life's burdens too heavy to bear. She felt she was being crushed by them all was night. She cried: "I cannot go on!" When God cannot be found there is no dawn, the burdens are heavy and the "stone is very great" but the power of the resurrection can roll back the stone for this soul and all who believe in empty grave.

The glory of Easter is not the message of hope, that we die we live again, but that the power can raise us *NOW* from dead things that spoil our lives to

By The Chief Secretary
COLONEL H. G. WALLACE

"Don't be afraid, I know that you seek Jesus. He is not here for He is risen from the dead."

That is the story of the stone "which was very great." But, it should be said that the stone is a symbol of many things which even the strongest love cannot overcome. Like

A SOLEMN THOUGHT

JOHAN Henry Newman has a memorable passage in which he imagines what it would feel like to look out into the world and see no trace of God at all. "Just as if I were to look into a mirror and not see my face."

That is the meaning of the shudder of the soul which Paul's words create: "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain. They that are fallen asleep are perished."

But, thank God, Christ *did* rise; it is one of the best-attested facts of history, as scientists have declared. And so all our fears of the Christian faith being mythical, our sins not being forgiven and the dead remaining dead vanish like the mists before the rising sun. Hallelujah!

THE CHRYSALIS TO LIFE

THIS soul-destroying, Christ-crucifying element called sin that separated us from our God—what havoc it wrought. Surely it merited naught less than the un-mixed wrath of Almighty God. But, thanks be unto the dear, dying Lamb who "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree," HE BECAME SIN FOR US ON CALVARY! The judgment that we deserved struck Him. As the lightning rod pierces the threatening clouds and brings the vicious, death-dealing flash to earth harmless and spent, so the cross of Christ pierces the thunderbolts of God's wrath, and, (oh, glorious music of the Gospel!) we who believe are set free by the broken heart of Jesus. The cross of death has become an altar, and the chrysalis to life.—P. LeRoy Debevoise

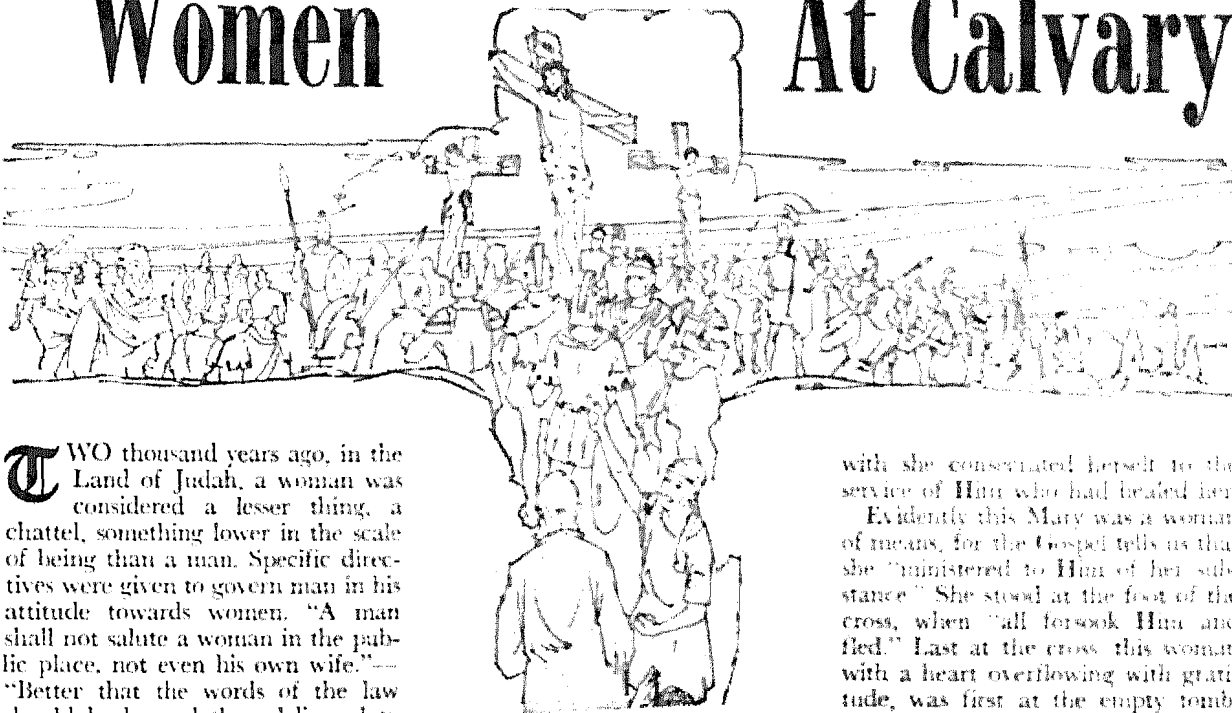
A CONSTANT PRESENCE

IF one reads carefully the G record of that last talk to Jesus' brutal arrest, one cannot but notice that He identified self with the Holy Spirit—the Comforter. "I will send Him—I come; He will abide with you will come and make Our abode"

Even as God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, Christ in the Holy Spirit, dwelling ever in the hearts of those who love Him and obey His word

Women

At Calvary



TWO thousand years ago, in the Land of Judah, a woman was considered a lesser thing, a chattel, something lower in the scale of being than a man. Specific directives were given to govern man in his attitude towards women. "A man shall not salute a woman in the public place, not even his own wife."—"Better that the words of the law should be burned than delivered to women." One of the thanksgivings in the daily services of the Jewish synagogue used to read:—"Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who hast not made me a woman."

Jesus, the Son of Mary, the Son of God, changed things! He broke the age-long customs and conventions by treating women as equals and by giving them a foremost place in the Kingdom of God. He was constantly helpful to them in their need and commended their service to their God. Invariably, He used them as illustrations of noble lives and related their deeds as examples of love. The exalted status of women in civilized lands is due to the life and teaching of Jesus of Nazareth.

There were four Marys. Mary was a very lovely character. In the quaint little village of Bethany, about two miles from Jerusalem on the south-east side of the Mount of Olives, dwelt Lazarus and Martha, and a younger sister, Mary. Jesus was given hospitality in this sacred, homely home. Martha, the good housewife was once busy making ready a simple meal, but the meditative Mary, oblivious of all save the Lord's presence, seated herself as a disciple and listened to the words of Jesus. Martha was not very happy as she continued her work and suggested that it would be more congenial if Mary should come to her

assistance. Then Jesus said—"Mary hath chosen the better part. . . ."

This same Mary, in the house of Simon, the Leper, at Bethany, took "a pound of expensive perfume, real nard, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and the house was filled with the scent of the perfume." That was a very costly gift. In spite of the protest of Judas, the loving Master said, "It is a beautiful thing she has done to me. Wherever this Gospel is preached throughout all the world, men will speak of what she has done, in memory of her." How true! The perfume of her gift has lingered throughout the centuries.

At the foot of the cross on that first Good Friday were "His mother, Mary the wife of Cleopas and Mary of Magdala." From Mary, of Magdala, Jesus had cast forth seven devils. Commentators have jumped to the conclusion that she had been a wicked woman. There is not a shred of evidence to support such a statement. Demon possession refers to terrible afflictions of the mental world, psychiatric conditions which strike so deeply and so tragically in the realm of the mind.

Mary had been tortured and tormented, and the hand of the loving Lord had set the captive free. She was grateful, oh so grateful! From that happy and thankful heart, she gave a dedicated ministry. Forth-

with she consecrated herself to the service of Him who had healed her.

Evidently this Mary was a woman of means, for the Gospel tells us that she "ministered to Him of her substance." She stood at the foot of the cross, when "all forsook Him and fled." Last at the cross this woman with a heart overflowing with gratitude, was first at the empty tomb. She was the first human being to gaze upon the risen Lord. How wonderful! Last at the cross; first at the tomb. Moreover, the world first heard the glad news of a Risen Saviour from a woman. "Go and tell my brethren," said Jesus, and she went.

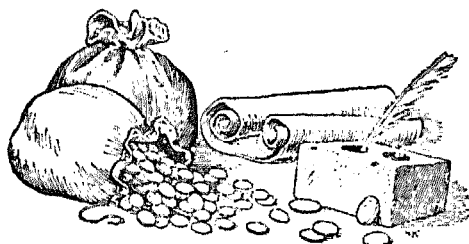
At the cross there was also Mary, the wife of Cleophas or Cleopas. This Mary had seven children—four sons and three daughters, including the apostles John and James. Of these sons, three became missionaries.

There is another Mary, the mother of Jesus. I feel I tread on holy ground the pathway of the Virgin Mother as it merges into the Via Dolorosa. The curtain first lifts for a moment and she is kneeling. It is the hour of the Annunciation. She is to be the Mother of the long-promised Messiah.

At Golgotha, the Mother stands while the Saviour, her Son, gives her into the keeping of John—the "disciple whom Jesus loved."

The curtain is lifted once more. The first Easter Day has passed, and now, after many infallible proofs of His resurrection, He ascended into Heaven.

"Then they made their way back to Jerusalem from the hill called The Olive-Orchard." They went to the Upper Room—the disciples "with Mary the Mother of Jesus" and they knelt in prayer.—*The Observer*



THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER

(Continued from page 3)

words were only a whisper, "—he hanged himself."

Malcolm got up and crossed over to the window. "I don't know," he said in a muffled voice. "I never thought about it."

"Twenty-four dollars, the Captain thought, but he wasn't quite sure. Twenty-four dollars. Strange, when you think about it, isn't it? Sold for twenty-four dollars, and after that all the wealth in the universe couldn't redeem Him from His journey to the cross. The smallest bribe in history. Twenty-four dollars. Thirty pieces of silver—"

Her voice trailed off. In the silence, the muffled roar of the city street below crept into the room. At last Malcolm stirred.

"I have to get back to work." He dropped down again at his desk and started at the long white envelope his landlady had placed there. Then he slipped a clean sheet of paper into his typewriter. "Don't wait supper for me. I won't be home until late!"

Mrs. Forbes went out and closed the door softly behind her.

When finally Malcolm arrived at the city hall, every council member was present. Twenty-eight pairs of eyes were focused on him when he slipped quietly into his seat.

"Tomorrow is Easter." He made the statement in a matter-of-fact tone. "According to the Scripture records, this is the anniversary of the week in which the Saviour of mankind was sold, betrayed, for a bribe of thirty pieces of silver. Twenty-four dollars in our money. Measured by that standard, I have been greatly honoured—or dishonoured."

He paused to lay a large envelope on the table, then explained in detail.

"I confess frankly, the bribe tempted me. For a personal reason—I would not deny it if I could—I was susceptible!"

He stopped abruptly. Henry Moulton was staring at him from the foot of the table. For a moment he wavered. Then, with lifted chin, he continued:

"I fought a battle with myself all

day. I tried to make wrong look like right. And just when I was thinking I might be successful, I was reminded of One whose value was set at thirty pieces of silver.

"I couldn't do it. I couldn't go

Calvary

I heard two soldiers talking as they came down the hill—
The sombre hill of Calvary—bleak, and black and still;
And one said: "The night is dark; these thieves take long to die!"
And one said: "I am sore afraid; and yet I know not why!"

I heard two women weeping as down the hill they came,
And one was like a broken rose, and one was like a flame.
And one said, "Men shall rue this deed their hands have done!"
And one cried only, through her tears: "My Son, my Son, my Son!"

I heard two angels singing, ere yet the dawn was bright,
And they were clothed in shining robes—robes and crowns of light;
And one sang, "Death is vanquished!" and one with golden voice
Sang: "Love hath conquered! conquered all! O Heaven and Earth rejoice!"
Theodosia Garrison

through with it. I have given my heart, my life, to Him today.

"That is all, gentlemen. I ask your indulgence for this digression. It is my first public testimony to the cleansing and keeping power of the Saviour whom I shall serve from this day forward."

The meeting adjourned at last and Malcolm made his escape, slipping out by a rear door. Underlying the spiritual exaltation of the hour was the sombre thought that he had lost Phyllis. The staring eyes of Henry Moulton—a man whose money was his only god—haunted him. He would never give his consent to their marriage now.

Malcolm did not return to his room immediately. Indeed, the first greyness of dawn was showing in the east when he finally turned down the street toward Mrs. Forbes'

home. To his surprise, a light burning in her living room, greeted him with a message:

"Henry Moulton has been to get you on the phone. You invited to have Easter breakfast him and Phyllis this morning. wants to talk with you, to make some arrangements in regard to 'personal reason'—he said you would know what he meant."

Standing in the hall, Mrs. Forbes watched Malcolm take the stairs two by a stride, up to his room.

"Easter," she whispered softly means new life!"

The War Cry, Chicago

ANCIENT BELIEF VINDICATED

THE resurrection in which the ancients put their faith was the resurrection of the body. For them, immortality had no spiritual connotation. The principal result of their belief was a spread of the tomb of burial and an end to cremation of the dead.

When Jesus began to teach through Palestine preaching, he taught that there would be a resurrection. The Nazarene Carpenter did not believe that a loving God would care for the righteous during their lifetime and then allow them to be annihilated.

Jesus was arrested, condemned and crucified. After three days, his followers joyfully announced that he had risen from the dead! He had risen among men! This, the Apostles declared, was the very proof that doubters had been demanding through the generations.

Henry Distel

THE VICTOR

HARK, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark those loud, triumphant chords,
Jesus takes the highest station
Oh what joy the sight affords
Crown Him! crown Him;
King of kings and Lord of lords
Thomas



Three Crosses

THE wind blows bleak atop a rocky hill:
And shockingly outlines against the sky
Three brutal crosses, bearing each a form—
Three hapless victims writhing in their pain.
A dismal sight to him who hurries by
And passes hasty judgment on the scene.
"Three brigands punished for their crimes;
Their just deserts for lives of reckless sin!"

But swift the centuries pass, and truer thoughts
Replace the careless verdict of the age;
The crosses each a mighty symbol stand—
Each one a sign of something crystal clear,
Conveying changeless lessons through the years—
Three giant sign-posts down the march of time.

The first is Hate—unleashed and unrestrained;
Vicious and cruel and unrepentant still;
The second stands for new-awakened guilt—
A conscience fully roused by sight of Him
Who hangs there calm and self-forgetful, too,
Aware of others' sufferings, those who weep,
And lean against the cross to sob and moan,
O'erwhelmed by grief of Him who knows their love.

The third stands for Redemption—full and free;
The conquest of the Right above the Wrong—
Of Love above the Hatred of the world,
Undaunted by the Devil's frenzied charge;
But, best of all, it stands for healing streams
Of cleansing for the fallen human race.

* * *

Yet, great as was that Love, it could not help
The one whose stubborn hatred steeled his heart;
Whose pride and bitter rancour of his soul
Refused to ask forgiveness from his Lord.—H.P.W.

